



The Peace Makers

By STEPHEN LEACOCK

The MacLean Publishing Company, Limited, Toronto, Canada

Business is booming!

Toronto, Ont.

Merchants everywhere tell our 800 salesmen that business is booming.

Farmers have had a record crop, at big prices, with big demand at home and abroad.

Stocks of manufactured material are short, and labor is in great demand.

Exports largely exceed imports.

Factories are busy, a great many working overtime.

More freight cars are needed, and steamers are taxed to capacity.

Canada has, in proportion to population, greater exportable surplus of wheat this year than any other country in the world.

Millions of dollars are passing over the merchants' counters.

The people who spend this money want the best service.

They demand it in all kinds of stores, from the smallest to the largest.

They get it in stores which use our up-to-date Cash Registers, which quicken service, stop mistakes, satisfy customers, and increase profits.

Over a million merchants have proved our Cash Registers to be a business necessity.

Last month the N.C.R. in Canada had the largest sales of any month in the past seventeen.

Send *John A. Maclean*



Write for booklet to
National Cash Register Company
224 Church Street, Toronto, Ont.
Agents in Every City



Think how proud he'd be of-

The most beautiful watch in America

GRUEN Adjusted Models, \$25 to \$60, guaranteed to come within time required on railroads

Gruen Precision Models, \$50 to \$250, guaranteed to come within observatory time requirements, recognized by authorities to be the highest time-keeping perfection obtainable

The Dietrich Gruen, \$265 to \$650, the world's finest pocket timepiece.

At good jewelers everywhere

GRUEN Veri thin Watch

Write for "One Word from a Woman's Lips"

Write for "One Word from a Woman's Lips"

a booklet on watches and watchmaking everyone should read before buying a timepiece

The Gruen Watch Mfg. Co., 32 Government Sq., Cincinnati, O. Makers of the famous Gruen Watches since 1870.

Factories: Cincinnati and Mader Bell, Switzerland Canadian Branch, Toronto

Duplicate party to be had promptly through Gruen dealers everywhere.



Hygienic and Thorough
Quickly
Cleans and
Polishes

**Cooking
Utensils**

**Old Dutch
Cleanser**

Cleans Dri

It's Free
From
Caustics
and
Acids
Which are
Dangerous
in the
Kitchen

MADE IN CANADA

MACLEAN'S MAGAZINE

DECEMBER, 1915

Contents

THE PEACE-MAKERS	Stephen Leacock	7
A satire on the peace who profess peace to fighting for Right		
THE ACCOUNT OF ANTOINE CHADOT	Alan Sullivan	10
A Christmas story of the Breton coast		
INSIDE GUMPHREY OF GERMAN PROPAGANDA	Aaron C. Lee	14
An exposure of an underground campaign in the United States		
IN THE HOUSE OF REMMON	A. C. Silken	16
A short story dealing with a fight against material greed		
MUSIC AND MARS	Augustus Brille	20
An article on the effect war has had in the musical world		
THE LETTERS	E. M. Woodhouse	23
A Christmas story		
THE LIBERAL STAGE MANAGER	H. F. Gaskin	26
An article in light vein on T. S. Parker & Co.		
FINDING HIM	Robert C. Ford	27
A Christmas poem		
ONE THOUSAND PER CENT—NOT	Hebrew Woodhouse	28
A short story telling of a man who had never died in the West		
SECRET PARTY FUNDS	Osborne E. Neillman	31
A strong indictment of corruption in Canadian politics		
THE FROST GIRL	Robert E. Pinkerton	35
No real instance of our peaceful war world story		
OLIVER LODGE: SCIENTIST, SEER, AND IMPERIALIST	Hugh S. Bayne	39
A sketch of a pioneer of Imperial Spain		
OUR SPRIGHTLY GREYBEARDS	W. A. Cusack	41
An article of entertaining interest of Christmas program		
BEST SELLING BOOK OF THE MONTH	Finley I. Wason	77
A review of Mr. Gilbert Parker's "The Viceroy's House"		
THE BUSINESS OUTLOOK	John Appleton	87
A review of conditions in Canada at the present moment		
AND THE REVIEW OF REVIEWS DEPARTMENT		65

Agents:—
MONTREAL: 1000 Avenue
Toronto: 1000 Avenue
WINDSOR: 1000 Avenue
NEW YORK: 100 Avenue
CHICAGO: 1000 Avenue
MILWAUKEE: 1000 Avenue

THE MACLEAN PUBLISHING COMPANY, Limited
30-31 UNIVERSITY AVENUE
Toronto, CANADA
John Bayne Maclean, President
M. McKeown, Advertising Manager T. R. Cattan, Editor

Copyright—The Maclean Publishing Company
Printed by the Maclean Publishing Company
Printed in Canada

The Account of Antoine Chabot

THE Lake St. John
house placed close
by through the
dampening town, the
candle of its wheels muffled
in a soft murmur that
hardly penetrated the
thick atmosphere of the
coach. A grey winter treaded by, with
an interminable sequence of fells, gullies
and fresh-fallen ice, at which Patrick
Landry pined with morose
impatience.

Automatically he took out a railway
folder and scrutinized for the twentieth
time that Mr. Therien was now loaded
and his wife from Quebec, and that he
was due there at half-past six. It was
now four o'clock, and Mr. Therien was
twenty miles ahead. The cordery to all
this was that Antoine Chabot, married
aboard of the Therien, was indebted to
Landry for the sum of two hundred dol-
lars. To make matters a little worse it
was said that the two hundred dollars
and the powers of the north were mobil-
izing to prevent the traveler from re-
turning Hager on the morning of the
twenty-sixth.

It was not without justice that Lan-
dry's indelible recalls were known from
the Peace River down as far as the
city of Montreal, and that he was
about the thing judiciously. Being an
Irishman, and of a nature that moved
graciously and by varying round, he had
at the same time a pair of every man
on the market. Meeting those on the
person of an associated group of long,
short, thin and fat men, he put them to
work at every opportunity.

"Wear them out, daddie—buddy—
as far as you can. Then bring me the mail!"
he begged, and let a fiery, black pipe
and a white face.

In a few days his handiwork defiled as
red as paper. "Sir," ordered Landry, "as
it is again."

Before the month was out he had by
his destructive process learned where
evening should not in all reason give way
to a more to work on a Saturday night
of his own. By the time the year was
out he had it. The coal pusher he
saw on the way of a horse-drawn
coach, a better one than the one he
drove or with a cow or a bag of paper
or he at your own without a pretense
from the agent's corner. The pockets
were so stuffed that a man could not
place of labor or a handful of words
give them with hardly a crack of the
stick. They hung well-bowed well—full
with. The money was double every
and copper rivets dominated every important
aspects.

"I suppose you'll make a cat to get into
the market," said his bookkeeper with a
glance at the rebel side of his ledger.

"Devil's cat," replied Landry cheerfully.
"Put up the price ten per cent. The
kettle will suit themselves."

They did. The laborer was neces-
sarily a good worker and demanded it. It
was the best of these copper rivets was re-
turned from every other job in the country.

A Story of Christmas in the Habitant Country
By ALAN SULLIVAN
Illustrated by C. W. JEFFERYS

Landry did nothing. After his orders and
for years refused to build a bigger
factory. Suddenly, however, looking a beard
out of the trees and around his trade.
That suited it. He went by the bridge at
Chabot that the last of the autumn were
far from over and he would get his
money in and do it.

Such a word of the language that new
contracted him to visit Mr. Therien
in person of the two hundred dollars
represented by the unpaid notes of Antoine
Chabot. It was no consolation to note
that the business was Landry's
crisis—all business did.

YOU have then a black Irishman who
had never failed to collect an account
a gathering snow-storm, an olive
candle, and that something with which
others could hardly through our economic
kennels for more remote business.

The speed of the train discomfited all,
an hour later, it stopped so gently that it
seemed to have been turned in a doorway.
There followed a series of horse coaches
from the over-hauled bodies. The coach
was jerked violently into motion and
forward in a confounding clatter of frozen
draft, while the engine like a very hot
mouth rattled on down tracks. Gradually
the train moved and through the first
set of pines Landry cut into a very high
that looked really in the whirling snow.

Then the deer began and a businessman.
The driver came from his horse, "Good!
"So, Therien!" He turned to Landry
with a grin. "An I guess date so far we
get the trip. Do business don't show."

After the heated out of the coach it
seemed that the platform of St. Therien
station was the North Pole itself. Across
it from level lines of streaming snow and
the friend wind cut into a hot nose.

The train was swathed in white, and the half
burned tracks ended on an invisible track.

"Hello," he said to an Irishman, "how
does the business?"

"Pardon, Mr. Mac, but there is no such
name as a clear voice," but maybe—"

"What?" asked Landry with irritation.
The old man, who seemed to be
cheerfully and shaggy his sparkling
shoulders. "With us loaded people you
don't need a head."

There was something behind the value
that suggested a personality. The travel-
er drew his coat closer against him, un-
derstood a heavy dress in a white sheet, and
said slowly, "The people that should go
to St. Therien."

"Pardon, he said, was suddenly dark
and his head was in the air. At the house
of Henri Joliveau, or of Antoine Chabot."
"What's that—Chabot?"
"An excellent man—a man of affairs—
a merchant with a large house."
Landry's mind made up at once, but

he glanced into the kind-
ness of the crowd. "And Mr.
Joliveau—"

"Henri Joliveau,
merchant—owner of your
services." The little man
hesitated.

"I'll go to Chabot,"
said Landry. "The same business with
him and I'll go back to Quebec by the
first train, if I don't freeze to death."

Henri Joliveau glanced at the notice-
less night and then into the grey snow.
"There will be some money for your
business. Monsieur, I think, not in a
hour."

"You got to be in the States by the
twenty-fifth, Sir!"

"I can guess where Monsieur will be
on the twenty-fifth, Monsieur—in the house
of Antoine I shall draw of some dollars,
Monsieur, please."

LANDRY descended into the carriage
and rolled the reins up to his ears.
Monsieur Henri Joliveau nodded, but
was so sleepy. The sturdy hood-back-
ed Frenchman bowed his head and jumped
forward, and, through the darkness, the
leveler could only see the low-coiled
horses that lined either side, and small
windows that glowed softly in the snow.
There was no road that he could discern,
just a broad stream that lay between
ghostly evidences of humanity.

"We shall have snow, and the little
man means the snow again," he said.
"We shall have snow for three days, and you will
find the house of the good Antoine is very
convenient. Ah—no snow."

He dropped the reins and the French-
man bowed himself.

"Hello, Antoine, hello!"
The driver stopped and against the light
he saw a round figure that passed into
the driving wheel.

"So, Monsieur—good-bye, good-bye! You
also will be in business—soon!"

Joliveau laughed and they ploughed
to the snow-shed. "It is Monsieur—Monsieur—"

"—no," he hesitated.
"Landry," said the traveler, "Patrick
Landry, of Quebec."

"Good! I know that name," said
Antoine cheerfully, extending a vast
hand. "Come up, my dear, long story
tough. Hello, Monsieur, how are you?"

But Henri Joliveau—Monsieur—was
already climbing into his carriage. "I
go to St. William. My money is pretty
rich. As never, Monsieur. He joined at
the house and reached."

"By dawn," said Antoine shivering after
him. "There's not light for his wife trip!"

LANDRY looked about, Antoine Chabot,
a large fair woman with broad should-
ers, deep lines and pale blue eyes, stand-
ing under him behind her snowy a long
row of white-haired children, who regard-
ed the traveler with curious eyes. He
saw actively aware of the fact that
there were two of them. It seemed inter-
esting that it was quite natural they should
be there, that they were quite natural
that knew as clearly and better.



There were the largest and the smallest and the woman and John Lapashnikov...
... And much excitement then arrived Antoine Chabot, the daughter, sister of
Monsieur... After the quibble Chabot, they found the path.

One Thousand Per Cent—Net!

By HOPKINS MOORHOUSE

Illustrated by J. W. BEATTY

SECOND AND FINAL INSTALLMENT

FINDLAY was about the only man in the crowd who did not reflect the prevailing excitement. He seemed to be too busy with his own ideas. He knew that, with such a crowd, despite the fact that he had been looked by the committee to take a prominent part in the proceedings, as the company's lead representative this was to be expected. He was to perform the introductions after which the Mayor would read the address of welcome. Wednesday morning dawned at last upon an expectant and representative little town. Everybody was an expert and everybody tripping. It was a fine day to begin with. The Engine Hotel was literally plastered with small flags and banners; the bare-trees were very white; the Maple Street Garage Theatre was all the colors of a perfectly healthy rainbow. "Duke" Sposendorfer, who had practiced his heart long after midnight, was one of the first to greet the day; he was kept so busy during his whole career that he hadn't a minute to follow his career, as he had a family thing, and that he had thought to do it before he went to sleep. Mothers were up early, too, dressing their children in some shoddy gowns and the children in their Sunday best. Every office who could do so, dug up a white shirt and it was a happy moment for Mayor Sprink when he discovered one with a good front.

By nine o'clock quite a crowd had assembled at the station, though Billy Austin, Findlay's assistant, warned them that it would be a full hour yet before the special arrived.

Findlay himself was nowhere in sight. At half-past four, he had returned over to the hotel for breakfast and on his return had looked himself in his private quarters with some satisfaction that he was not to be disturbed. With the aid of a line runner the day before, he had placed a telephone instrument in his room and at this very moment he was at the top, listening with the speaker at each of the stations along the line as the special passed. At some of these stations the train was given a slow signal to enable the conductor to receive messages for the superintendant en route. These messages were read aloud to the divisions and other officials and by the time the train reached Sprink Crossing the whole party was maintaining a very poor quality of its grouping interest and their determination to make every dollar possible from the company.

BUT of the Sprink Crossing knew the only railway station that they were not at the conclusion of the Agent. As they waited anxiously and patiently for the train and when the engine whistled they filled the railway everyone placed up at Mr. Findlay's window. Somebody suggested that he be called and a loudspeaker was taken from the pocket. The suggestion had that off and the speaker's

locomotive, soon-white flags fluttering at her shoulders, came trembling down the track. But with the Agent seated in his room.

"Van, don't—stop!" shouted "Duke" Sposendorfer and from the Sprink Crossing started off on his great herd's a sudden that nearly stopped the air-pump on the engine and gradually resumed itself into the normal locomotive.

"His doggie here from Kaddy!" Just at the last moment, as the train slowed down for the station, the Mayor ran up the stairs to the Agent's door and

knocked on it vigorously. "They're here!" he yelled and tumbled hurriedly, ran puffing down the stairs again, and the Vice-President of the Board

looked out of his back window, the engine released the air and went the well-known Agent came from the station, a light exclamation thence gradually over his face, and before the train had actually stopped, stopped, started. The conductor, who was standing upon the front platform of the main car, signalled a polished order to the engine and without more ceremony in a complete stop, the Vice-President's special started away, leaving the citizens of Sprink Crossing staring in open-mouthed wonder at the red-end of the engine and

Only the band, standing in a little circle and blowing till they were red in the face, were down to the world and it was not until Mayor Sprink, asked Mr. Sposendorfer with no gentleness that they could be made to realize they were playing to bad business.

FOR a few moments the bewildered crowd did little more than stare at each other. This a label of "scam broke loose" as an attempt to find an explanation for the strange accident of the special. At no two minutes about the thing were the same, this truly seemed to increase the wonder. Findlay, of course, could explain, but Findlay was not there. "Where's McLennan, then?" suggested someone. "Him and Findlay?" they thought "if there's any funny work going on, he's on it."

"Where's McLennan? McLennan?" called a dame at once. "Where's McLennan?"

McLennan was right there among them, Polishing with confidence, he had watched the special pulling into Sprink Crossing, trembling with astonishment and wonder that, he had witnessed his own unexpected departure. It had even occurred to him that the engine which was designed after his hopes, did so miraculously. If the crowd was bewildered and excited by the unexpected turn of

affairs, McLennan was nothing short of dumfounded by the failure of the railroad people to do as the town wanted meant more to him than to all the rest combined. He was still standing there among them as if in a daze.

He began with a start to the fact that he was the center of an excited crowd, all talking at once and all demanding an explanation of the official's conduct. But McLennan could give no explanation. He was so greatly surprised as any of them.

But believe his confusion? Most decidedly not! They were hardly fresh about it and in a little while the loud voices grew louder with harsher questions while the tones rose gradually from sternness to threats. They recalled the fact that Findlay was a partner of his in the purchase of the subversion on which they had squandered their money; that he was the only man who had been a confidant of the agent. So what about it?

"I really don't know, gentlemen. I can't tell you," was all he could say and soon he was surrounded by half a dozen men. But who were working but duty or he must have realized that this would not suffice.

"Ah, come off it, you men!" His refusal to "speak up like a man" and tell the truth, which they firmly believed he knew, as exposed the crowd that thought of making him talk whether he would or not became shouting by frequent. Persistent that was being lost. So rapidly did this feeling develop that when a newly shouted "leave the man alone!" loudly repeated him. The disappointed women and children struggled

The man, however, showed no intention of following their example, and in an hour or two their numbers had been augmented, if anything.

As the men here approached had already taken the trouble to look, they might have seen a horseman for up the railway tracks, either a crowd of that. He was standing at first as his horse could gallop and though the heat of the day was such to be distinguished the shaggy shape of a cowboy and the long hair of his head. He came into Sprink Crossing as hard as he could get and was on top of the crowd at the station, where he had the astonished citizens were away of his approach. "It's Pete Crisman from the Lacy-L," recognized someone.

The cowboy coming from his horse knew and was instantly surrounded. He had seen the special was side-tracked on the "T" up at the Junction, where a number of men and had seen him been waiting for a car since sunset. Pete had spent an hour with them and now when Pete had secured an option on fifty acres of land which they hated the railway people would buy.

When the train had got there the little "one-a" railway was then showing around a pump for three or four



Oh, and made a step-best of the spot and then it was McLennan's turn, surrounded and shouting and shouting they began the excitement was along the platform to see and.



Christmas Day in Dreamland

—Penman by Evelyn Ward for Mother's Magazine.

It was a strange, long, halting procession—out of that man dreams crystallized. The clear world of fantasy was pulled on down to earth by the pure command and the journey to that one day was on.

THE FROST GIRL

By Robert E. Pinkerton

Author of "The Frost of the French Hall," etc.

Illustrated
by
HARRY C
EDWARDS



clearly that he was accustomed to meeting and talking with women. Then she had known were always what. He had read, too, she knew, even if he did laugh at Jesse Austin and the other Southwestern. Men who had read books were sure in Hertha's world. She could remember only one, her father's father, with whom she had talked of books. He had been a Hudson's Bay Company factor, a man who had read more on the mountains than Hertha had. But he had ended it by trying to kill his son, and his son had never returned. Her father's father was dead.

Allen was the first man who had ever come to her. He was a great world in the world, the world of which she had heard of.

but to which she had grown little thought, in which she had never been interested. Her father had told her of it, married her of it, but never had he told of men like this one. His father had been filled with thick and elastic, black-haired men of the order of justice, men who religiously rebelled and ended up left a trail of misery and death and devastation, who maintained nothing except their own selfish interests.

WITTO Allen could be, where he had come from, where he was going, were questions that occupied the girls and it was the pulled back to the river to her home the day after meeting him. He half hoped she would find him, but only when he was in the hall, powerful gateway, who had wanted for her, and for her father, since his death, was at the post. Her father had turned over the money he had received for the day and the night.

"Wasn't he?" asked Hertha. "Two white men," answered the Indian. "Two men old, a company man who has been here before. The other was young, not like the man of the company or any other man in the world. They had been taken from the boy for enemies. Their camp was beside the river at the edge of the clearing. They left very early in the morning."

"What were they doing?" "The Indians would not talk. They came first. The white men came after, from the great camp. They had

SYNOPSIS

Allen Reid, who has been running a preliminary survey line for a new road to Hudson's Bay, finds a book on a lonely trail in the far north. The name, "Hertha, Hertha," is written inside and he traces the owner. His power to be a strikingly attractive but very mysterious girl. He learns from his chief assistant, Napley Hunter, that the girl runs a trading post which was formerly managed by her father and that she is known all through the north country as "The Frost Girl" on account of her children in all the men who visit the post. Herth completes the survey and returns to headquarters at Toronto where he receives peremptory orders to start at once on a complete survey line, from his chief, McGowan, a big railway magnate. McGowan is a financier who has his name, but he seems to have an opinion against and attempt to prevent him from completing his survey as they depart by way of the Ottawa, and a final find on the line for filing the plans. Herth completes his work and files his plans at Ottawa by April 1, which means a winter's strenuous work in the frozen north.

The Missionary Brings News

ALLEN REID'S constant on-footing British Harbors riding beside an Indian woman, carrying a sack with maps and telling of Jesse Austin, stirred slightly from those of the girl herself. To Allen there had been something mysterious as well as romantic in the strange meeting, and what was his. She seemed a strange type of their conversation. Old Napley had cleared up the mystery, but he had dismissed this woman only to add to the story.

To the girl, however, Allen remained equally a mystery and something akin to a fairy prince. Had she not been an intensely practical young woman, more accustomed to doing than dreaming, she might have made herself believe that the appearance of the young man in the portage had been conjured.

Hertha could not have imagined, however, that Allen had stepped out of one of her dreams. He was not the son she had ever seen before, either in print or in the flesh. Of the few men who had entered her life since her father's death, the first place, he had been at once, almost instantly, the thought. He showed



AIR WARMER

The Air Warmer gives comfort for chilly rooms—well ventilated and guaranteed—Reasonably priced

A Christmas Gift That Will LIVE

No matter to whom you are giving, you will give a lasting measure of comfort and pleasure if you make this Christmas a Canadian Beauty Electric Christmas.



COFFEE PERCOLATOR

The beauty will find the perfect coffee ready to taste with the wonderful rich Canadian Beauty.

Canadian Beauty

ELECTRIC APPLIANCES
Quality—Utility



ELECTRIC IRON

The modern, most economical iron yet made—a splendid gift for mother or wife—guaranteed

The Canadian Beauty appliances are outstanding in quality of material and construction and in beauty and usefulness of design. They have won first place in the hearts of thousands of Canadian women by giving the utmost in value, service, beauty of design and finish. You will find any or all of the Canadian Beauty appliances willing and economical servants in your home.

Make It An Electrical Christmas See Your Dealer TO-DAY

In your vicinity is a merchant who is showing Canadian Beauty Christmas gifts. See him before making up your list—or write us for catalog

**Renfrew Electric
Manufacturing Co.
Limited**
Renfrew - Ontario



IMMERSION HEATER

Immersion Water Heaters—best water for drinking, washing, etc., very quickly. Come hot in ten minutes in ten minutes.



TOASTER

The Toaster—a fast, up-to-date, reliable servant that will give you splendid service in reasonable cost

The Account of Antoine Chabot

(Continued from page 12)

page should have been preserved. So there is nothing to pay. Less what is left?

"Business is business everywhere except in Rio, Brazil," grunted Landy softly.

Barclay followed the paper and slipped it into the desk. "When last spoken," he said softly. "Perhaps, however, he will drive with me to-morrow. My new horse is magnificent—grey."

THEY now had not cleared the house when Antoine and his wife returned from early Mass. As the door closed behind them, an avalanche of youth burst into the sitting room and fell upon the two. Landy lay in bed and longed for his own electric apartment. Suddenly he felt Napoleon send his troops and made further sleep impossible. At that, Landy rose and dressed hurriedly.

The room had lost its reputation of order. Philippe was commencing a large white roller of his parents, who were sitting and looking back on the continent. Antoine, gentle, Theodore and Marcel were deep in a tin soldier battle. Elise and Estelle were dressing and undressing. Still now dawn with every symptom of material splendor. Gaudin had a wonderful melody that showed a rope, and even it all sang the street noise of the boulevard in his throat.

Breakfast passed in a whirl of movement, and then Landy, in spite of himself, accompanied the white avalanche and trapped even to church. His interest in the matter of his troops on the Cure spoke and a strange consciousness of the presence of dirty socks woke him at the departure of these simple people. The Cure seemed, in truth, not only the pastor of their souls, but a father to whom they resorted with all the anxiety of their troubled lives. Heated round with the everlasting life they had preserved something of an ancient dignity that would have been lost forever in the shuffling life. Their children would be lost, and their father then. He remembered with a pit the anguish that brought him there, but Antoine, he again decided, was better.

THAT afternoon he drove with Jolivet to see a fine little patient. The young hero drew their curtains straight over the patient room, which now shone with the brightness of a myriad of stars. The temperature had dropped with the wind, and the sky had no more clouds. The slender legs of the patient were shivering with cold and the whole was only broken by the crash of a secret report as they lay into the open. Jolivet burst to talk as they glowed through a door.

"Wonder thought this morning that I was perhaps waiting here in Rio."



Made in Canada
The Ingersoll
Factory, Ltd.
Ingersoll, Ont.

INGERSOLL
FRESH
CHEESE

"THE INGERSOLL TRIO"
Ingersoll
Cream Cheese

As superior to any ordinary cheese—in flavor, in texture, in consistency, in creaminess, in purity, in wholesomeness, in digestibility, in keeping, in healthfulness, in economy.

INGERSOLL
CHEESE
Ingersoll Cream
Cheese is sold
in all Canadian
Cities, Towns
and Villages.
In Canada, U.S.A.
and U.K.

Ingersoll
Cheese
Factory, Ltd.

Christmas Gifts

Made in Canada

No gift is more serviceable or more acceptable than good, stylish

"Monarch
Knit"
SWEATER
COAT

When your gift bears the "MONARCH KNIT" label you are sure of style, quality and workmanship.

Ask your dealer to show you "Monarch Knit" Lines. He has a style for each and every member of the family, also knitted novelties in head and neck wear.

The
Monarch Knitting Co.
Limited
HEAD OFFICE
Don Mills, Ontario, Canada



Your Christmas Pastry

made with Purity Flour will be better, no matter how good your reputation for pastry making may be. Use

PURITY FLOUR

and add more water (because of its strength and full quality) and your pastry will be of wonderful goodness—the crisp, airy quality that every woman tries to make

We're sure enough of the quality to tell the grocer to give money back if you are not entirely satisfied after trying out **PURITY FLOUR** in bread, pies, cakes, buns and pastry.



**"More Bread and Better Bread
Better Pastry Too"**

Western Canada Flour Mills Company, Limited, TORONTO MONTREAL CALGARY WINNIPEG
EDMONTON SASKATOON VANCOUVER



Fine For the Boys and Girls

Young bodies are strengthened—young minds are stimulated—more pleasurable enjoyment—none are more genuinely benefited by an Overland in the family than are the youngsters.

They love to spin along the country roads in their Overland.

An Overland is the family gives them many a comfortable trip to the town, parts of town, which they would otherwise miss.

Thus Overland is the world's record car.

No one has ever before built so many big cars as we are building of this model.

The car is the ideal family car—it carries five passengers in roomy comfort.

It has a powerful economical motor—the same horsepower (35) as last season's largest Overland Four.

But as this is a higher car, there is even more reserve power.

It has that courtesy of ignition provided only by high tension magnets.

It has the comfort provided by long underbody rear springs and four-wheel drive.

It has convenience of electrical control—switches are on the steering column. This arrangement is found only on the Overland and a few very make, higher priced cars.

It has a full streamlined body and a beautiful finish.

Sales have forced a production even larger than originally planned.

Production is increasing steadily.

And the price is only \$1050 for the touring car, \$1015 for the roadster.

The frame Overland Six—seven-passenger touring car—is \$1080.

Prices are f.o.b. Hamilton.

See the Overland dealer now

Catalogues on request.

The Willys-Overland of Canada, Limited, Hamilton, Ont.



ANY OR ALL OF THESE BEST SELLING BOOKS FREE!

You will gain from any book selected from the list for every new subscription sent to us by subscribers in Mrs. Lavinia Maclean. The list has been made up of the best books available in the country, and is the property of the publisher. The books are sent to the country of delivery, where possible, by the publisher. The books are sent to the country of delivery, where possible, by the publisher. The books are sent to the country of delivery, where possible, by the publisher.



Get your copy of "The Research Magnificent" by H.G. Wells. This is the story of the future of the world, and it is a book that every man and woman should read. It is a book that is as timely as it is timeless, and it is a book that is as relevant as it is relevant.



Get your copy of "The Double Traitor" by Philip Oppenheim. This is the story of a man who is a double agent, and it is a book that every man and woman should read. It is a book that is as timely as it is timeless, and it is a book that is as relevant as it is relevant.

THE RESEARCH MAGNIFICENT, By H. G. Wells

The Macmillan Co., N.Y.

This is the story of the future of the world, and it is a book that every man and woman should read. It is a book that is as timely as it is timeless, and it is a book that is as relevant as it is relevant.

This is the story of the future of the world, and it is a book that every man and woman should read. It is a book that is as timely as it is timeless, and it is a book that is as relevant as it is relevant.

THE MONEY MASTER, By Gilbert Parker

Cross, Clark & Co., N.Y.

This is the story of the future of the world, and it is a book that every man and woman should read. It is a book that is as timely as it is timeless, and it is a book that is as relevant as it is relevant.



THE DOUBLE TRAITOR, By E. Philip Oppenheim

Macmillan, Goodrich & Stewart, N.Y.

This is the story of the future of the world, and it is a book that every man and woman should read. It is a book that is as timely as it is timeless, and it is a book that is as relevant as it is relevant.



MOONBEAMS FROM THE LARGER LUNACY, By Stephen Leacock

S. M. Macmillan, N.Y.

This is the story of the future of the world, and it is a book that every man and woman should read. It is a book that is as timely as it is timeless, and it is a book that is as relevant as it is relevant.



MICHAEL O'HALLORAN, By Gene Stratton-Porter

Thorpe, Lothrop & Co., N.Y.

This is the story of the future of the world, and it is a book that every man and woman should read. It is a book that is as timely as it is timeless, and it is a book that is as relevant as it is relevant.

IN TIMES LIKE THESE, By Nellie McClung

Macmillan & Co., N.Y.

This is the story of the future of the world, and it is a book that every man and woman should read. It is a book that is as timely as it is timeless, and it is a book that is as relevant as it is relevant.

JAFFERY, By W. J. Locke

S. M. Macmillan, N.Y.

This is the story of the future of the world, and it is a book that every man and woman should read. It is a book that is as timely as it is timeless, and it is a book that is as relevant as it is relevant.



A FAR COUNTRY, By Winston Churchill

The Macmillan Co., N.Y.

This is the story of the future of the world, and it is a book that every man and woman should read. It is a book that is as timely as it is timeless, and it is a book that is as relevant as it is relevant.



THE CANADIAN COMMONWEALTH, By Agnes C. Laut

Macmillan & Co., N.Y.

This is the story of the future of the world, and it is a book that every man and woman should read. It is a book that is as timely as it is timeless, and it is a book that is as relevant as it is relevant.



Get This Book for Your Boy or Girl

PERHAPS you have a little boy or girl who would appreciate this wonderful child's book, "The Scarecrow of Oz." We can give it to you as the main proposition. Interest a neighbor or friend in MacLean's to the extent of securing a subscription from them and we will send you this handsome big volume, 9 inches by 7, full of drawings and other plates and just full of the humor that delights the healthy-minded child.

A picturesque figure is the Scarecrow and about his whimsical personality Mr. Kansas has told a story that will certainly interest the youngster. No child who has ever read any of the other Oz books will need to be told more than that Dorothy and Ozma and nearly all the old favorites reappear and that Tony Toot and Old Cap'n Bill are at last brought to the Land of Oz.

Here's your chance to get a splendid present for your little boy or girl.

Get Your Christmas Presents This Way

LET us make you a suggestion: Why not utilize this proposition if you plan for Christmas gifts this year? Can you imagine a better gift for a friend, one that would be more appreciated, than a year's subscription to MacLean's Magazine—there's no other better thing any number that has not been put out! Or can you think of a gift more acceptable than a best selling book? You can either secure a subscription from a friend to give him as a Christmas present, and to either save your share of our wonderful list of books (ranging in price from \$1.25 to \$1.80) either for yourself or as a gift for another. There are some books on our list that you have read, but there are hundreds others you have not yet read and want to see very much. Then that you have read you know best. It is so good that you will want to give them to your best friends. So why not get us one, two, half a dozen subscriptions and secure a few books with each subscription? Think of the good you can make of a number of best sellers (which cannot be purchased for less than the price we list) at the same time of the year!



Here Are All the Details

This offer is for subscribers to MacLean's Magazine

The subscription or subscriptions must be for some one not already on our list as a subscriber (it must not be your own).

All you have to do is to ask some friend or neighbor, not even a subscriber, to give you an order for a subscription to MacLean's Magazine for one year at the regular rate of \$2.00. Send the money to us with the coupon to the left properly made out with the name and address of the new subscriber and your own name and address. This December issue will go forward to the new subscriber or subscribers at once and by return mail we will send you the book, or books, you have selected.

To Help You Get the Subscriptions

Make out a list of friends and acquaintances that you think would be interested. Go to each one and tell them first, frankly, that you yourself read MacLean's, that it is a magazine they should read—that all Canadians should read. Tell them about our campaign to build up a national magazine, by getting all the best Canadian authors and artists into MacLean's. Tell them about the new serial "The Power Girl", about the Canadian articles and stories (those you have enjoyed most); about the Review of Reviews department. Renewed MacLean's personality.

You'll make a new subscriber every time.

THE MANAGER BOOK CLUB

MacLean Publishing Co., Limited

245-153 UNIVERSITY AVENUE, TORONTO

1934

MacLean Publishing Co., Ltd.
245-153 University Ave., Toronto

Order—Enter the names of the following as our subscribers for one year to MacLean's Magazine:

Name (Print Name) (Address)

Address

Name

Address

Name

Address

Name

Address

Name

Address

Name

Address

Name

Address

Name

Address

Name

Address

Name

Address

The Frost Girl

Continued from Page 70.

a lot of what's needed for such a trip. For all winter, mind you. And a lot of what the dogs need."

FOUR as hard they waited steadily, Allen hearing at the hall, Hapley sitting across from him. They figured out the amount of food required for men and dogs, extra-large quilts, blankets, dishes, coats, shoes, clothing, newspapers, maps, radio, and ammunition for getting fresh meat, dog harness, tobaccos and the rest of winter things necessary for such an enterprise.

It was a formidable list when completed. It might not take many men, its number into the hundreds, and Allen showed his dismay when the lists were read out. "It's four hundred and fifty men, Hapley!" he exclaimed. "How much can a dog team haul?"

"Six days can make good time with a quarter of a ton. They can take twice that in a good trail. Better figure on the least."

"Well, anyhow, it's got to be done, so there's no need worrying. Now I'm going to write orders for all this stuff I can't get here and have it shipped to Gekow. We'll do it down in the employment agency and see what we can get in the way of men. We'll need some raw to take care of the dogs when we get them."

IT was a busy two days. Allen hired men by the dozen, ordered supplies by the ton, and the more he thought he and Hapley were back in Port Arthur with their dogs, most of these bookings from the biggest country, and together, they were to take care of them. That day the three teams were arrived from Toronto and early the next morning dogs, men and supplies were on their way westward.

"Say, kid, what you want of all these men?" asked Hapley as a stranger when he and Allen were established in the discombing compartment of the Pullman. "There's three times as many as you need."

"I'll show you when we get to Gekow, Hapley." And Allen turned the discussion to details that had not occurred in the rush at the last few days.

Several times had men so much surprised, as much surprised, as upon the arrival of Allen's party, snapping, snoring and, indeed, shouting men, bundles and boxes without end, and the great winter platform could not hold them. By supper time the supplies were stored away in the stables, the dogs had been driven to long pens in the shelter of a green-sided back of the tracks with three men to watch them, and the big crew, now numbering more than thirty men, was waiting for places in the hotel hotel dining room.

Hapley was busy looking after details, but Allen did not seem to have a care in the world. The bar was crowded both before and after supper and Allen, buying an occasional drink for all, mingled with

These Inexpensive Xmas Gifts Will Bring Comfort to Thousands of Housewives

TO the house-keeper—whether wife, mother, sister or friend—no Xmas gift could be more welcome than these time-saving, labor saving

O-Cedar Mops

MADE IN CANADA

Ask your dealer to show you the new combinations—2 mops, polishing and dusting in the one can.

You could give nothing more useful, more welcome, more appreciated. "She" will bless you every time she uses them and she will use them every day.

ASK YOUR DEALER

Channel Chemical

245-153 University Ave.

TORONTO



Eat more bread, the most economical food. For best results use—

PURITY FLOUR

"More Bread and Better Bread"

FAIRY SOAP

For toilet and bath

Fairy Soap is refreshing because of its purity and pleasing cleansing quality.

Skilled soapmaking experts use only the choicest materials in making it.

Fairy soap is as pure as its whiteness suggests. Each cake is kept clean and sweet by the dairy tissue wrapper and the individual box in which it is enclosed.

The white seal cuts fits the hand.

MADE IN U.S.A.

MADE IN U.S.A.

MADE IN U.S.A.

MADE IN U.S.A.

MADE IN U.S.A.

MADE IN U.S.A.

MADE IN U.S.A.

MADE IN U.S.A.

MADE IN U.S.A.

MADE IN U.S.A.

MADE IN U.S.A.

MADE IN U.S.A.

MADE IN U.S.A.

MADE IN U.S.A.

MADE IN U.S.A.

MADE IN U.S.A.

MADE IN U.S.A.

MADE IN U.S.A.

MADE IN U.S.A.

MADE IN U.S.A.

MADE IN U.S.A.

MADE IN U.S.A.

MADE IN U.S.A.

MADE IN U.S.A.

MADE IN U.S.A.

MADE IN U.S.A.

MADE IN U.S.A.

MADE IN U.S.A.

MADE IN U.S.A.

MADE IN U.S.A.

MADE IN U.S.A.

MADE IN U.S.A.

MADE IN U.S.A.

his own and making decidedly with an unconscious which was taken by the abnormal brightness of his eyes.

"What does this mean, Findlay?" demanded his visitor in an anxiously calm voice.

The agent shrugged his shoulders. Then he deliberately turned his back and returned over to the table. He threw one eye over his shoulder at the laughing discomfiture.

"Oh come now, Mac—" he began easily.

"Quit that!" admonished McLennox sharply. "You're no good for any more feeling about this thing. I want an explanation."

The agent's eyebrows became two wavy, uncontrolled curves and his shoulders lifted again in another shrug.

"Explanation?" he drawled as if there was a word that would accept a looking up at the dictionary. He took a long pull at his pipe and slowly blew the smoke at the ceiling, making it swirl in the air with considerable velocity.

"That's what I said. You heard me. I want an explanation," he repeated. McLennox slowly, but in that calm voice "Full and complete. No law now."

"You don't say? Why?"

"Quit that, Findlay. You already told me I want to feeling about it and that goes."

"You surprise me! Really, Mac—"

McLennox took a step towards him, his face drawn, his eyes angry.

"Will you answer me? What's it mean?"

"Mac, I ask you to be a little more explicit, Mr. McLennox!" he roared. "Now, you offer me—just what, please?"

"You know very well what!"

The agent blew another cloud of smoke, watching it disappear through his closed lips.

"Go on, Continue. You interest me tremendously."

"You're interested in doors right now before we're through," said McLennox with cold menace.

FINDLAY stamped his hands uncomfortably about one side, his eyes fixed anxiously in an corner of his mouth, and measured him anxiously till his eyes fastened to the smoke.

"The first thing I want to know is, how much of that twenty thousand of mine do you actually pay over to Debeaux?"

"That's easy. Five thousand dollars, cash."

McLennox fell back, speechless for a moment. He had expected a frame-up, but not this brazen ostentatiousness.

"And you've got the bill to tell me that?" he gasped.

"Why not? Good business, wasn't it?" growled the other.

"Good business!" roared McLennox in contempt. "You call it good business to put across a thing like that on a man who treated you—do you?"

"You're right, Mr. Findlay. You don't expect to get away with it, do you?"

"Why not? What eyes think you've got?"

"You'd had that out soon enough to suit you. Don't you worry about that, Mr. Mac."

"But it does worry me," he said. "I hate to think of you wasting your time and possibly some good money."

You see, Debeaux's moved away from here—gone to Chicago or somewhere or somewhere across the line. You have his money for your twenty thousand and—

you'll pay me, won't you?" it seems to me that it's one of your home business whether he should give me fifteen thousand dollars or not. How do you know that he won't only paying me some money he owed me? What have you got to keep a check on, Mr. Mac?"

"A foreigner like him? Good for fifteen thousand dollars!" roared McLennox. "For checking his business, I say—five years' time with one, twenty nine, a note of cash? Confound your impudence! Let me tell you that he can check down fifteen thousand dollars of my money from under my nose and gets away with it!"

Findlay threw his leg off the table, his jaw set.

"Yes, I said it. 'Shod' in the word!" placed McLennox.

"You'll not that before you get out of this house," growled the agent, whose bottom he clanked back. He started for the door.

McLennox stayed in a head of him and returned the last.

"The door's locked already. In this the only key. Good enough! He deliberately bang it through the window-pane. 'That's for my desire with me! I mean business, Findlay.' They open each other."

THE agent went back to his table, looking over it with disdain. Under cover of this he carefully opened the drawer and took out a notebook, flipped it under some papers on top of his table.

"The next thing I must know," said McLennox, "is why that traitor didn't stop here this morning, though I think I can make a pretty good guess. I want to know exactly what's doing."

"The long gone to the Junction."

"Get! I'm broken McLennox. 'It's all true, then, I might know it.'"

"Listen. You might, sure enough."

The agent was watching his enemy. "Remember that usually select dressmaker's to a hole like this without anything to support a home surrounding it. That's when you fall down."

"All I've got to say, Findlay, is that you're a bigger fool than I took you for at McLennox hardly. 'Come here!'"

The agent talked now dramatically to the window. "Do you see that set of fellows down there? Well, I—"

A sudden noise from the street interrupted him as they caught sight of his companion. Findlay drew back hastily.

"You hear that?" went on McLennox, eagerly. "I came here in the hope that what does an everybody's danger of moving wasn't true—that you had not such a tender as to play those men."

They were saying nothing about any rights in this case, but they were talking about the rights of those men out there, officers of the little place, property-holders. They were waiting for you to get out and explain yourself."

"VIYELLA" FLANNEL

(Reg'd)

New Winter Designs for 1915 and 1916

Specially adapted for Women's! Children's! and Infants' Wear!

"Viyella" comes in a large variety of patterns, comprising Plain Colors! Stripes! and Tarned Plaids!

"Viyella" can be obtained at all leading retail stores.

Avoid imitations

DOES NOT SHRINK

"VIYELLA"

(Reg'd)

Look for the name on the selvage

DOES NOT SHRINK



HOTEL GRISWOLD

Grand River Ave. and Congress St. - Detroit, Mich.

DETROIT'S MOST POPULAR HOTEL

EUROPEAN PLAN ONLY
RATES \$1.50 PER DAY AND UP.

POSTAL HOTEL COMPANY

PERD POSTAL, Pres. CHAS. POSTAL, Sec.

It Makes Your Skin What It Should Be—Healthy

As you may see a little trouble at the beginning of the winter season, it is not unusual for the skin to become dry and itchy. This is due to the fact that the skin is losing its natural moisture and becoming dry. The skin is the largest organ of the body and it is the first line of defense against the elements. It is the skin that keeps the body warm and protects it from the cold and dry air of winter.

Consistent use and regularity in the use of the skin. Healthy skin is the key to a healthy body. The skin is the largest organ of the body and it is the first line of defense against the elements. It is the skin that keeps the body warm and protects it from the cold and dry air of winter.

160000 INSTITUTE
160000 INSTITUTE
160000 INSTITUTE





"Crown Brand" Corn Syrup in 3 pound Glass Jars

Oh! No! We haven't changed the syrup. We could not improve the delicious flavor of this famous table syrup.

But we have made it more attractive in appearance, by offering it in "Perfect Seal" Glass Jars.

These are the very best Preserving Jars and hold a full quart. Save them.

Your grocer should have "Crown Brand" in glass jars as well as in 2, 5, 10 and 20 pound tins.

THE CANADA STARCH CO., LIMITED, MONTREAL

Free expert information for readers of MacLean's Magazine

Take
Advantage
of this
Information
Department
for our
Readers

MACLEAN'S Magazine, through its connection with the great reputation of the MacLean Publishing Company, is in touch with real sources of information which is gathered from different parts of the world for the numerous Maclean publications. This wealth of information and the editorial staff of all these various publications are at the service of the readers of MacLean's Magazine.

Should you have a real problem on some phase of your work, or if you are desirous of securing good relations and do not know where to procure them, write someone of this information department and we will be pleased to answer your inquiries promptly. Let our experts help you with your problems. Use the coupon below for the questions you desire answered.

"The What Do You Want To Know Department"

MacLean's Magazine,
1401 Thompson Avenue
TORONTO

INFORMATION WANTED

Please let me know _____

Name _____

Address _____

Paragraph is an important public, re-
lated to our own future.

"It will be within the reach of every one present," Judge Frank, "that accusations connected with the attitude of the Council in the 'Burgundy' have been handled down freely enough. Without regarding the charges in detail, they have amounted to this, that a prominent member of which is known as the Reform party has been killed by the Council in the line of the 'Burgundy'. The person accused, more or less overtly, has been accused. The statement is to the effect that the day after my election I caught a knife of five hundred dollars. That the day after I deposited it in the credit of my account, and that the money was then identified. Further details have been considered as to the way in which I spent the money. The statement of fact is perfectly true. On the day named, I received a blue envelope. Within were five hundred dollar bills. The following day I paid them in to my account and used them pretty much as I pleased. The evening I received the blue envelope I called on my friend and neighbor, the friend of every member in the law, who was sitting in sympathy with everything that was going on. I got to Judge Wren, who is here to-night. I gave him the envelope and money and they had come to me. In accordance with his advice, I submitted five other one hundred dollar bills that day that were mine. Then the Judge asked me regarding the package with drugs, laws, and my destruction. The following morning, by his advice, I paid the

five bills into my account, to see how far knowledge of them would travel, and what developments would spring from them. Next came the Judge's demand that the sealed package at Wren's Bank at the same time, taking the cashier's receipt. The matter is present tonight with the sealed package which he will give me. Of all the Judge advised me to be ideal as my allowance of rage in the case would be to have had all the money to keep himself. The first part of the funeral is attended this afternoon. I received a second envelope the other day," he continued. "That, I suppose, was to grace the look on the 'Burgundy' door. As the door is not open and is not likely to be, I leave the money with the Treasurer, awaiting clearance to the table.

And to hand the package to the table.

"WHAT parcel?" said Mary, "in where the five hundred dollars you mentioned came from."

"When the Treasurer returned me, they presented the package. 'Oh, wasn't it?' he asked. 'If they had not, of course you could have kept it. You might have kept it with the bill, and you and the judge would have been able to get your things as soon as you did. I intended to leave the blue money with the Treasurer, but I happened to have it enough to clear off business. I called him up earlier in the day. It is a pretty good sort of a world after all, Mary, isn't it? What a beautiful package with drugs, laws, and my destruction, and what! And the check book, and what, and what!"

THE LETTERS

Continued from Page 75

friends, my associates of wisdom and logical connections. But if they knew, they would know, and I should have, a job done in my life. I did not think about any other thing some other day, and I know, and I know, I understood that it was very even. I knew if those letters could be sent all over, I would not go out of my life.

After that I wrote a reply to every letter I received and kept them all locked up together. It was a delight. I wrote out all my doubts and perplexities and hopes and then I wrote out all my doubts and hopes. The secret treasure of it all made me look on connections with joyous, unending eyes.

Gradually a change came over the letters I received. Without ever affording the slightest clue to the identity of those who they grew more intimate and personal. A subtle, sensitive way of understanding was broken from them and thrilled my heart. I felt as if I were being drawn into the center of life, admitted into the most secret recesses of his thoughts and feelings. Yet it was all done so subtly, so delicately, that I was unconscious of the change until I discovered it in reading over the older letters and comparing them with the newer ones.

Finally a letter came—my first love

letter, and nearly never was a love letter—under the name of my friends. It began strongly as all the letters had begun, plunging into the middle of the writer's story of thought without any warning. The first words were the blood of my heart and then next it flying left all over my face.

"It is very true. I don't say it is not. Here you see me now. I have been told on my part in every line I have written to you—yet I have never dared to show it to you. I have been told that I have been told. I only know that I must. What a delight to write it out and know that you would read it! I thought the mood is as one to tell it to you suddenly and bravely, never hesitating to start or waver words. Remember, I love you—love you—love you—yes, true, faithful woman and, I love you with all the heart of a man."

"Ever since I first saw you I have loved you. I was never more to tell you, you are so much more than I am. I have seen you and tell me how under the great of unspoken friendship. It matters not to me, but I have more than all else in the world. I am glad that I love you, dear, glad, glad, glad."

There was much more, for it was a long letter. When I had read it I

BISSELL'S Vacuum Sweeper

Ask for This Christmas Gift

BISSELL CARPET SWEEPER CO.
Largest and Best
1100 Broadway, New York City
Branches in all principal cities

CREDIT TO ALL

PEWS AS LOW AS 10 CENTS

SEND FOR OUR CATALOG

Write for our catalog today. It will show you how we can save you money on your next purchase. We have a large stock of goods at low prices. Write for our catalog today.

MAGIC TRICKS

Learn the secrets of magic. We have a large stock of magic tricks and illusions. Write for our catalog today.

An Apple Orchard Insurance Policy

Premiums payable four years. Profits begin in the fifth year. Besides adding to the policy.



IN the Farmer's Magazine for December there appears an article on Making Money from a Ben Davis Orchard, which shows some startling returns on investment. Moreover there are several opinions of practical men to show that this business of Apple Planting in Canada will never lead to an over-production of apples. "I believe I'll plant an orchard of Stark and McIntosh, says one. Another farm owner, who reasons rather well, planted out a Ben Davis orchard 21 years ago. It paid for itself in 4 years. Every year since he has had returns. This year promises big things.

Two years ago he sold \$2500 worth of apples and he has only 500 trees on an ordinary Ontario farm. A mighty good Insurance Policy.

But apples touch only one feature of this valuable issue. Other subjects treated are:

- Dividends from Sheep
- An Okanagan Consolidation
- Sideline that Pay (How Serio)
- Poultry Successes and How
- Building a Fence for Uncle

- The Rural Temperament
- Certified Milk—Does It Pay?
- Crofted Farmers in Manitoba
- Helping the Twig to Grow
- Soft Cheese and Christmas Recipes

(How much)

Besides the usual departments of work for the month, Women's Institute matters and pictures.

All together, the Farmer's Magazine is cutting into the affections of people across the continent. As one man wrote recently—"I hear a great deal of talk and comment about a good magazine you have. Kindly send me a copy."

He got it by the next mail. Let us send you one.

The MacLean Publishing Co., Limited

143-153 University Avenue, Toronto, Ont.

tered my burning love in my hands, trembling with happiness. This strange confusion of love melted as much to my heart longed back to meet it with answering love. What mattered it that we could never meet—that I could not even guess who my love was? Some where in the world was a love that was mine a love and mine wholly and mine forever. What mattered his name or his status, or the mysterious barrier between? Spirit longed to spirit unobscured over the fettering bands of matter and time. I loved and was beloved. Nothing else counted.

I wrote my answer to his letter. I wrote it fearfully and anxiously. Perhaps I could not have written so freely if the letter were to have been read by him as it was, I poured out the robes of my love as fully as he had done. I kept nothing back, and across the great between I needed a faithful and enduring love in response to his.

The next day I went to town on business with my lawyer. Neither of the members of the firm was in when I called but it was an old clerk, and one of the clerks should make the private office so well. As I sat down my eyes fell on a table letter lying on the table before me. With a shock of surprise I recognized the writing. I could not be mistaken—I should have recognized it anywhere.

The letter was lying by the envelope, so folded that only the middle third of the cover was visible. An irresistible impulse swept over me. Before I could reflect that I had no business to touch the letter, that perhaps it was written to my mistress from her work to dinner he was already when he wished to hide it, I had turned the letter over and seen the signature.

I laid it down again and read up, down, horizontally, vertically, like a woman in a dream I walked through the open office and into the street. I must have walked so for blocks before I became conscious of my surroundings. The name I had recognized in that letter was Alan Fraser!

NO doubt the reader has long expected it—has wondered why I had not. The fact remains that I had not. Out of the whole world Alan Fraser was the last man whom I should have suspected of being the writer of that letter—Alan Fraser my boyhood enemy, who, I had been told, cherished his end and end so faithfully and bitterly, and hated me very much.

And yet I now wondered at my long blindness. He now also could have written those letters—no one but he. I read them over one by one when I reached home next day that I possessed the key, he revealed himself in every line, expression, the sign. And he loved me!

I thought of the old friend and hatred, I thought of my pride and traditions. They seemed like the dust and ashes of centuries—things to be rejected and cast away. I took out all the letters I had written—all except the last one—read them up in a breath and devoted it to Alan Fraser. Then, examining my penman, I bade him take to himself with it. His look of amazement almost made me laugh but after he was gone I felt dizzy and frightened at my own daring.

When the autumn darkness came down I went to my room and dressed as the woman dress who would the one man of all the world. I slowly drew what I hoped of myself, but I was all with a sudden, unguessable happiness. I added I looked very eagerly into the mirror when I was done, and I thought the result was not unpleasant. Beauty had never been mine, but a faint suggestion of it shone over me in the tremulous flush and contentment of the moment. Then the dawn came up to tell me that Alan Fraser was in the library.

IWENT down with my old books slightly slipped behind me. He was standing by the library table, a tall, broad-shouldered man, with the light springing upward on his shirt, sensitive face and iron-gray hair. What he saw he saw quickly learned.

"Do you know—and you are not angry—your lesson told me as much. I have loved you since that day on the beachhead, Isabel—Isabel—"

His eyes were kindling into mine. He held my hands in a close, ungentle grasp. His voice was suddenly changing as he pronounced my name. I had never heard a voice like that—had never heard it all so tenderly and tenderly stirred. My senses might have turned to stone just then. I saw him look at me. Living love had fallen out of dead hatred.

"Isabel," he went on, "there was one letter unanswered—the last." I went to my desk and took out the last letter I had written and gave it to him in a shadowy room and watched him, wondering if he could always be so sweet as this. When he had finished he turned to me and held out his arms. I went to them as a bird to her nest, and with his lips against mine his face was blotted out forever.

Music and Mars

Continued from Page 32

latest due to detection and interference, there was actually no escape. Mars, then, both man and female, rapidly operative engines and planets, but also planets, asteroids, comets, planets, planets and all, found their way was played back with music and melody in the world. The only mystery worth while left in a natural was the United States Over Gray energy by the stars. Never was known such an occasion. New York, Boston, Chicago, and Philadelphia heard their first stars last season this ever before. The lineup is even stronger this.

Among the great artists will know here, Kravitz and Mann are based up for more performances in the United States than ever before in their history. Kravitz, it will be remembered, was an Austrian cavalry officer before the war, and was a composer. He went to the front, where under fire against the Germans he was singularly noted for the intelligence corps in determining by his marvelous



No "rubbing in" is necessary with Mennen's

SHAVING is a daily routine. Why make it worse by abusing your face? Because of its particular properties Mennen's Shaving Cream softens the beard without the objectionable "rubbing in." "Rubbing in" takes with your fingers is messy and disagreeable, and if your soap contains free alkali, the rubbing works it into your skin, causing smarting, burning, soreness, skin eruptions, etc. Mennen's Shaving Cream is put up in sanitary airtight tubes with handy break-off screw tops. Just twist it, on your own face, then you will realize what a relief and benefit it is.

MENNEN'S SHAVING CREAM



MENNEN'S TALCUM POWDER FOR MEN
DELICIOUSLY after-shave—moisturizing skin—brightens—softens and protects. Evaporates all the heat from the skin. Mennen's quality, often advertised, perfect and pleasing. Makes a hair with the sensation.



Exclusive Franchise—MONTREAL
Solely for the Province of Quebec
HAROLD F. RITCHIE & CO. LTD.
407 St. Michel St., Toronto

What Do You Do In Your Spare Hours?



Every plan of recreation shown in the picture was made by one of our readers who is enjoying an amateur with tools. He represented an difficulty in the work and with us will prove that he took that photograph, which he has kindly allowed us to use.

There are four books: Parts 1, 2, 3, and 4. "Photography for Amateurs" (Part 1), "The Camera" (Part 2), "The Studio" (Part 3), "The Exhibition" (Part 4). The writer explains, in simple, direct and easily understood language, the art and science of photography. Each book is illustrated with 200 of the best amateur photographs.

The MacLean Publishing Co., Ltd.
Book Department
143-153 University Ave., Toronto



Anticipation
then, as now
for Christmas

STRAIGHT as a Plumb Line to the WINTER RESORTS of The CAROLINAS GEORGIA—CUBA FLORIDA



FIVE
BAGGAGE
STREET
TRAINS

The Floridians (new train)
Florida-Cuba Special
Florida-Washington Special
Southern Fast Mail
and overnight, Jan. 5, 1914
for Miami and Havana
Seaboard's Florida Limited

NEW YORK, 124 Broadway
NEW ORLEANS, 100 Poydras
MEMPHIS, 100 Main
BIRMINGHAM, 100 Chamber
ATLANTA, 100 Peachtree
KEY WEST, 100 Duval

CHAS. E. CARP, Vice-Pres., Mobile, Ala.; CHAS. E. RYAN, C. P. A.

SEABOARD AIR LINE RAILWAY

The Progressive Railway of the South

strides such as that of tannage on the scene, but as soon as war ceases these industries will be resumed and it is now when has arranged to get the mills open when tannage is available will, no doubt, get it. The tannage market is the best one for tannage manufacturers, but they will not suffer of demands upon them are augmented by a larger foreign market. Our supplies are getting shrunken in these foreign trade and Canada is being hit hard by the war. Canadian manufacturers should be well supplied than those of the United States or of Great Britain. After the war effects have to be taken into consideration. Some of the most careful business men anticipate that when the war is over industrial deflation in Canada will be more pronounced than it has been. If too much reliance is placed upon the business of making hatters or shoos the anticipated after-war deflation will certainly materialize. Some thought ought to be given to what will be done with the plant they employed when the Kaiser accepts the conditions offered him by the Allies.

Canadian railroads at the present juncture are all they can do in the Canadian West. It is understood that the theoretical capacity of the lines has been reduced.

Some Winnipeg and Port Arthur is less than 5,000 and Creep 300,000,000 bushels from Winnipeg to Port Arthur by the ordinary line from Winnipeg to that of the grain crop, makes a sum of business deflation. That the line will be busy for probably an other twelve months. Already railroad earnings show an increase of approximately 10 per cent. above volume of a year ago. In striking a note of warning has naturally attracted the attention of the newspapers and it would be surprising to imagine these lines. No doubt the magnitude of the crop is a fortuitous circumstance for railways, similar at a time when all of them needed additional revenue. What it means to the stockholders and the professional man in a matter, however, that we have to deal with is that of the grain crop, more men will be employed and at points where repair shops are established very large numbers of men will have to be taken on.

Some of railroads in capacity means many repairs that cannot be delayed. It will be no surprise therefore to hear at any time of large numbers of men being taken on at Port Williams, Winnipeg, Weyburn, Moose Jaw, Calgary, and other points where repair shops have been established by the railway companies. The addition to the wage roll at these points will, no doubt, swell the receipts of the stockholders and of the professional men.

In fact, every class of business will, during the winter, receive a needed stimulus as the result of the distribution of the crop proceeds through its many channels. According to present returns from British Columbia, this year should overtake a record one in the production of that province. "Businessmen" had in producing about 50 per cent. more than last year," says Mr. Dis-

part, of the Mining and Engineering Association, Vancouver. While the Kootenay mine did not get away from its first half of the year they are doing well at the present time. The shipment of silver had over aggregating about 2,000 tons a month. Then there are the new shipments to be taken into consideration. The Kootenay mine has treated about 400,000 tons of ore in the first year. Grand Forks plant and the Artyre plant has handled about 300,000 tons and the Grand Forks plant has treated 500,000 tons of ore. The C. P. Copper Company's handling is less a month and the British Columbia's is a similar amount. At present British Columbia is handling about 11,000 tons a day and the completion of new plants under construction during this time will add to 20,000 tons a day or production from the metal mines of the province aggregating about 100,000 tons a year. While the manufacturers are doing somewhat better than during the first months of the present year, the same can be said of real prices. On Vancouver Island better shipping rates and on East Coast the same, but the latter is a larger outlet in the lack of business. The latter difficulty may be found at any time and then activity in the mining industry will be general. As to the mines in Saskatchewan and Alberta, there will certainly be greater activity as the result of the last year's production. As so available men may be accumulated when the rail and into it. Referring again to the metalliferous mines we mean and the decrease of the fall season is greater in bulk than a year ago but owing to the lower prices of silver the values are slightly less. The value in the middle of October was \$154,567 as compared with \$155,100 a year ago.

From Prince Rupert as the Pacific coast reports note to the effect that trade in bulk has developed to very large proportions. That, probably, better prospects for the fall that business.

For the first nine months of the year 1913, the total value of fish products aggregated 123,860,000 as compared with 112,800,000 in 1912. An increase of \$10,000,000 in the course of nine months in the fisheries industry is very substantial. Good reports as to the results of fisheries products are also received from the United States. Prices are being well maintained. A few months ago some doubts existed in the Maritime Provinces as to the future of the fish industry but now they are glad and all points satisfactory men are being doing.

Looking conditions here considering the large orders for warships, the huge crop, the lack of unemployment, the general business improvement already taking place there is no reason to look with cynicism as to the future of business during the next twelve months. Although there is a large expenditure upon the war in the United States and in the rest of the world, it has to be borne in mind that the great supply of Russia is not likely to be recalled before Canada has another interval. Businessmen are likely to remain firm. In the light of these facts on other con-

"Safety
First"



Some Claims Says:

Christmas Trees should be illuminated with Electricity —the absolutely safe and sane way.

How many houses have had their festivities brought to a sudden and disastrous ending by the Christmas tree catching fire?

Imagine safety—the lights that Christmas was obtained by the "Frisco" Christmas tree outfit.

If there is no electricity in the home a battery can be used with equal advantage.

The electric Christmas Tree outfit is a Safe, Simple, Inexpensive way of lighting the Christmas trees—without candles. No danger—no worry about fire. The added attractiveness and perfect safety of this outfit make it worthy of your consideration. The cost is small, the benefits manifold.

Why not ask your dealer or send for our literature telling how to give the holiday a big treat without danger or expense? Make this the best Christmas they've ever had.

Interstate Electric Novelty Co. of Canada, Limited

220 King Street West - - - - - TORONTO, ONT.

Manufacturers of "FRISCO" Flashlights, Highest Gold Medal Award of the Panama Pacific Exposition, 1915.

CANADIAN NORTHERN

THROUGH SERVICE Toronto to Winnipeg

Nov. 1st

VIA FAIRY SOUND, JELDRIE, PORT ARTHUR
AND PORT WILLIAM

CONNECTIONS AT WINNIPEG UNION STATION FOR
EDMONTON, CALGARY, PRINCE ALBERT, SASKATOON,
REGINA, BRANDON, and all important points in Western
Canada and the Pacific Coast

LEAVE TORONTO 10.45 P.M.

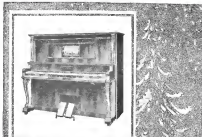
Monday, Wednesday and Friday
ALL MODERN EQUIPMENT RELIABLE EXPRESS SERVICE

Through tickets to all points and back connections from Local Stations, as well as General Passenger Departments, 66 King Street E., Toronto, Ont., or Union Station, Winnipeg, Man.

FACTORY ACCOUNTS By CHARLES E. HATHAWAY

Chief Accountant, Fox Bros. Shoebinding Co., and James B. Griffith, Primary Book, Department of Commercial Accounting, and Business Administration, American School of Correspondence, 308 pp., 125 illus. Cloth binding. Thoroughly up-to-date, distinctive, clear and comprehensive. Special opportunities, regulations, the latest developments, and complete reply questions. Large monthly, weekly, and daily of this knowledge. Graduate orders; express distribution. Price \$1.00

THE MACLEAN PUBLISHING COMPANY LIMITED
Toronto and Dept., 345-351 University Avenue, Toronto, Ont.



CHRISTMAS WITHOUT MUSIC IS LIKE JUNE WITHOUT ROSES

Give your family a gift that will save you and make the real Christmas.

WILLIAMS
Piano Plans

is the method for both gift and interest. Just a little of your Christmas money in a down payment will secure you of three beautiful instruments. Write for our Special Christmas Offer.

Address: THE WILLIAMS PIANO CO., Limited, TORONTO

that within a measurable distance of time I shall be able to put them into practice. I am glad to be able to announce to you the practical certainty that I shall be president of the United States."

At this announcement the entire company broke into spontaneous and heartfelt applause. It had long been felt by all present that Mr. Bryan was destined to be president of the United States if only he ran for the office often enough, but that the glad moment had actually arrived seemed almost too good to be true.

"Yes, my friends," continued the general host, "I have just had a communication from my dear friend Wilson, in which he tells me that he, himself, will never contest the office again. The presidency, he says, interferes too much with his private life. In fact, I am embarrassed to state in confidence that his wife forbids him to run."

"But how about Jennings," interrupted Dr. Jordan thoughtfully, "what about Colonel Roosevelt?"

"In that quarter my anxiety in the matter is abated," I then exclaimed, "and substantiated by the fact that I am bound to believe, in view of my known principles, the entire American people will vote with me at the great gathering of the country—the whole American vote, all the Republicans of the sugar plantations, the Democrats, in fact, my friends, I am positive that Roosevelt, if he came to me, will carry nothing but the American vote."

LOUD applause greeted this announcement.

"And now let me explain my plan, which I believe is shared by a great number of mine, and other, politicians in the country. All the great sections of the world will be united to form a single international force consisting of a force as powerful and as well equipped that no single nation will dare to test its resources."

Mr. Bryan looked about him with a glance of something like triumph. The whole company, and especially the Negro President, were now evidently interested. "Bryan" whispered the General Public to his companion, "this sounds like the end of things." "Oh, what?" "Isn't he a peep of a fellow?"

"What day will your first try?" asked the Negro President.

"The day of all nations," said Mr. Bryan.

"Where will you get your soldiers?" "From all the nations," said Mr. Bryan. "But the soldiers will be all the same, a plain white blouse with blue buttons, and white cloth trousers with the word 'PEACE' stamped across the back of them in big letters. This will help to impress the soldiers with the almost sacred character of their functions."

"But what will the fleet's functions be?" asked the President.

"Whenever a vessel arrives," explained Mr. Bryan, "it will be welcomed to a board. Who will be on this board, in addition to myself, I cannot say yet, as

yet it is of no consequence. Whenever a vessel is admitted to the board it will think it over for three years. It will then announce its decision—if any. After that, if any one nation refuses to admit, its ports will be blockaded by the Peace Fleet."

Expansive expressions of approval greeted Mr. Bryan's explanation. "The great thing," said Lord Baltimore, "is to get the right men for the board. So far I can only think of one. They must be men trained in the law."

"Or perhaps, better, taken from the Church," suggested Dr. Lytleton.

"Or better still, said Dr. Jordan, "men from the Universities."

"Or do you not think," said Mrs. Johnson, "that the members of the board must be fifty per cent. women?"

"No," I don't understand," said the Negro President, "tending his pointed toes to Mr. Bryan. "Would some of these ships be British ships?"

"Oh certainly," I saw of the dimmest sea of the British Navy about one-quarter of all the ships would be British ships."

"And the others British sailors?"

"Oh, yes," said Mr. Bryan, "except that they would be wearing international trousers—a most important point."

"And if the Board made up of all sorts of people, were to give a decision against England, then these ships—British ships with British sailors—would be sent to bombard England instead."

"Exactly," said Mr. Bryan. "Isn't it beautiful simple? And is maintenance its working property?" he continued, "just as we have to see the fact against England, we're going to ask Admiral Jellicoe himself to take command."

The Negro President slowly shook his head.

"Mrs. Bryan," he said, "how serious would I say, I know Mrs. Johnson. I don't see the line of lines when he was just a lieutenant, down to the fact as far as I know. If you will put up this proposition to Mrs. Johnson, he'll just tell the whole lot of you to go plumb to—"

But the close of the sentence was lost by a sudden interruption. A servant entered with a folded telegram in his hand.

"For me?" said Mr. Bryan, with a winning smile.

"For the President of Haiti, yes," said the man.

The President took the telegram and opened it slowly with his finger and thumb and a general silence. Then he took from his pocket and suggested a huge pair of spectacles with a large rim and began to read.

"Well, I think to profess?" he said, "this is a fine try and Mr. Bryan."

"Is it anything about me?"

The Negro President shook his head. "He from Haiti," he said, "thinks my military secretary."

"Read it, read it," cried the company.

"Come back here night again," read the Negro President, "and by 'Everybody is all right again.' Adieu, British and American Naval Squadrons."



The Power of the Printed Word

Out of the maze of with, blindness type the sensitive mind can bring to life words that please and glow with burning messages that will move nations or sway a mob.

Type when used by the sensitive mind will get new life into lagging business and increase the sales of products that otherwise will not find a market.

Each of our printing establishments has one of our creative ability who are capable of shaping type into living power that will make their reproduced progress your best customers. Our Printing and Bookbinding Departments stand for service that brings the maximum return for the least expenditure.

Let us quote you on Catalogues, Booklets, Booklets, Magazines, Reports or Broadsides of any kind. Estimates given on request.

Warwick Bros. & Rutter, Limited
PRINTERS BOOKBINDERS
MANUFACTURING STATIONERS
King and Spadina
TORONTO, CAN.



Have You A Dark Spot In Your Store, Office or Factory

that is unavoidable for service, or against the use of artificial light all the time, then making up your lighting expenses?

Luxfer Prisms

—The Scientific Reflectors of Daylight

will flood your store, office, factory, or business with FREE, brilliant daylight, cut down your overhead expenses and make these dark, uncomfortable places available.

Work is better done by daylight.

Install Luxfer Prisms and do away with darkness, inefficiency and heavy overhead expenses.

Catalogue "L" shows how Luxfer Prisms will bring cheap daylight into your premises. Write for it and investigate.

Luxfer Prism Company, Limited, 120 King St. West
1300 Eastern Township Bank Bldg., Montreal. 504 Canada Bldg., Winnipeg



Fearman's ENGLISH BREAKFAST BACON

is the most delicious food for breakfast and dinner. It is made from the finest pork and is cured in the most perfect manner. It is sold in tins and is always fresh.

F. W. FEARMAN CO., LIMITED
MONTREAL, QUEBEC

OFFICE and FACTORY EQUIPMENT

Endorsement From High Places

Although every man likes to choose for himself, the natural and logical tendency in purchasing supplies and in working out efficiency problems, is to favor the articles or plans which have received the approval of those whose experience makes them thoroughly competent to judge and select the articles or plans which by actual worth are superior.

In this connection, we are glad to show below a partial view of the employees' lockers supplied by us to

THE T. EATON CO. LIMITED
TORONTO, CANADA

Unquestionably, the business of this company is conducted on a high efficiency basis. We believe that the installation of lockers by them is strong endorsement of our contention that such equipment is a wise investment, adding materially to the efficiency of the organization. Further, we contend that if our lockers are good enough for The T. Eaton Co., they and the story of increased efficiency through locker installation are worthy of your investigation. What do you think?

Gladly will we discuss the question with you—without a penny's worth of obligation on your part. We can prove to you that lockers are a profit-giving investment, not an expense.

THE DENNIS WIRE AND IRON WORKS CO. LIMITED

Representatives Everywhere

LONDON

Toronto Office, 2 Dixon Bldg.

Steel Office Equipment, Steel Window Lockers, Steel Material Lockers, Steel Shaving, Steel Kios, Steel Coat-Rooms, Steel Factory Blocks, Steel and Wire Partitions.



Williams' Shaving Soap

A Signal Success

the story of the greatest success of an enterprise throughout the war world

Williams'

has successfully held its place as the keyword in the shaver's code.

The Hidden-Top Stick—"You hold the Holder and the Holder holds the Stick"—is proving a signal success throughout the ranks of men who shave.

Four other lines of the same good quality: Williams' Shaving Stick in hand-pipe, nickel-plated box, Williams' Shaving Powder, Williams' Shaving Cream and Williams' Liquid Shaving Soap.

A sample of any kind sent for 4 cents in stamps.

Address **THE A. B. WILLIAMS CO.**
Dept. A, Cresskill, N. Y.

Williams' Holder Top Shaving Stick





OLD CHUM

PIPE TOBACCO

Canada's Favorite
Smoking Tobacco
for Nearly Half a
Century.

